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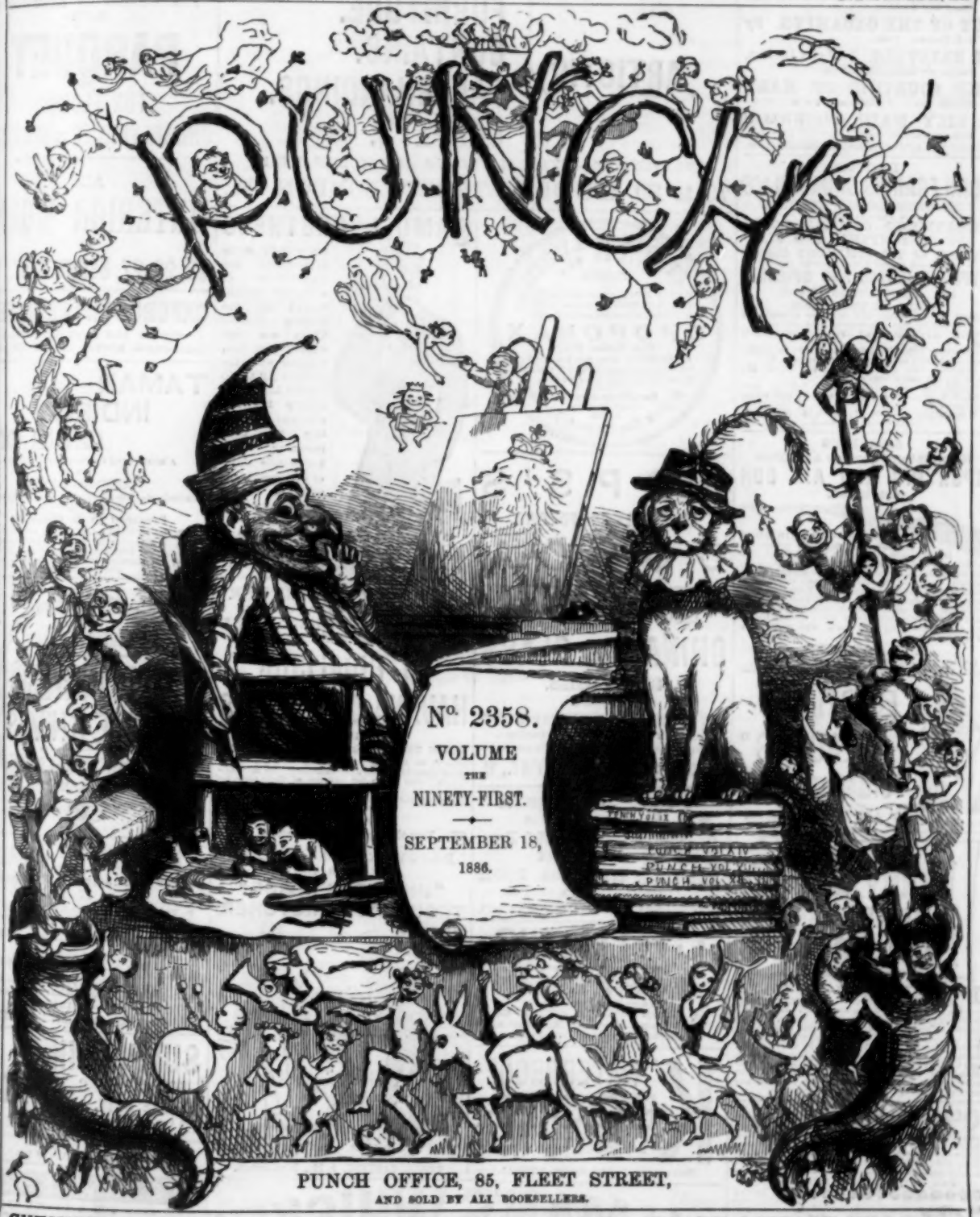

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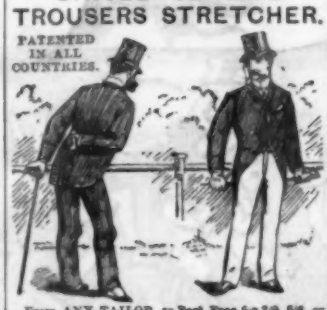

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HAS GIVEN STRENGTH AND VIGOUR TO MILLIONS.
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FOR CLEARING THE SKIN.
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In a few days Spots, Blemishes, Blotches, and Redness fade away. Beautifully fragrant. Perfectly harmless. It renders the skin clear, smooth, supple, and healthy. Bottles, 2s. 9d.
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THE thinnest of plots, but the lightest of touch,
A story by NORRIS you'll like very much.

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FOR those who love a pleasant book,
No doubt Miss HARDY deftly caters;
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In *Oranges and Alligators.*

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With runaway ponies and brawling and duels—
Well sketched by clever pen!
A most artful plot, which is full of sensation—
A story well told for your edification
By skilful MANVILLE FENN.

"FATAL BONDS."

A TALE, by DOWLING, full, you'll see,
Of thrilling situation;
In novels 'tis a novelty,
Replete with strong sensation!

"FRANCIS."

A SOMEWHAT novel style of hero
Is pictured here by M. DAL VERO!
His socialism's rather hollow,
But such that all would like to follow,
Could they acquire the sighs and glances,
The heart and hand that conquered *Francis!*

NET RESULT OF THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.—That our British HENN, though a game bird, is not cock of the walk just yet.

THE LAST NEW FRENCH REWOLUTION!

THERE'S jest one good practise as I allers follers wen I'm a having of my summer olliday. And that good practise is, never to read no noosepapers, and why? Simply becoz I don't want 'em. I wants to be quiet and at rest, and not to have nothink to wurry or egsite me. To have plenty to eat, and plenty to drink, and plenty of rest, and nothink to do, thems my ideers of an olliday, and not sitch werry bad ones neather, as a GULL or a GENNER will tell yer if you arsks him. So till I came ome I was hutterly hignorant of wot had been going on in Parris. Ah, we've most on us heard of a great French Rewolution ever so long ago, but I don't suppose as that was nothink like wot took place last month in Parris, when all the Waiters, or as they calls 'em there, Gassons, bust out into hopen rebellion in the broad daylight, and marched, with their blood red Banners a flying, rite up to the Otel de Veal, so sillybrated for its Cutlets, and demanded their rites! Wot a hawful ewent for Parris, of all Cittys in the world, the Pairodice of Cooks and Cookery, and conseqwently of Waiters. There's no telling what might ha' happened, but the Waiters like true Gentlemen as they are, not wishing to drive the peeple to their extremitys, by their absense at dinner, left off rebelling about fore a Clock in the arternoon, and went ome to their own dinners afore commencing their heavy heavening dooties for the dinners of others.

I earnt quite understand wot it was all about, praps becoz it was all done in the French langwidge, with which I am not werry familliyer, but BROWN tells me as they wanted to play the old game of "dubble or quits," which means in French, "dubble my wages, or I quits your service," but I sumtimes has to dowt BROWN's strict werassity. It gives one sum slite idear of the bloodthirsty conduct of the French Perleece when one reads that in Joseph Street—which BROWN tells me leads to Pottifar Street,—they acshally arested two waiters and a butcher boy, and seized a Flag! Did those sewere measures stop the rewolution? No, suttenly not, for the brave heros marched on to Cleary Square, where they were again attacked by the mercyless Perleece, and seweral ground-floor winders broken! Nothink dornted, the gallant fellers rallied on Pont Neuf Bridge, but the fo barred the way and dispersed them, but not before they had, in their wrath, torn down a sineboard! At 5 a clock, adds the sympathising reporter, they were all tired out, and dispersed, of their own accord, to get sumthink to eat. And so ended the fust Hact of this fearful rewolution, to be re-commenced when least expected.

These terrible ewents in a naybouring Country, has naterally called atention to the onerabel class to witch I has the onner to belong to, wiz., the London Waiters, and I lerns with perfound astonishment and sorrowful regret that there is no less than sewenteen thowsand forren Waiters in this our own native Country, a trying to supplant us in the good opinion of our employays, as the French calls 'em, and wot is we reckomended to do so as to hold our hone in this fritefool and unnateral compeertition. I ardly expex to be bleeved, but its littorally trew, wen I says as we are told to set to work and lern Frensh, and Jerman, and Etallian! What a pitty they didn't add Chineese and Injian while they was about it. There never was greater rubbish torked or ritten. What does a reel Gentleman care about his Waiter torking four langwidges if he earnt anser questions propperly and give adwice wen asked for it. Take a Jerman Waiter, wot does he know about Port Wine, and the difference between noble 47's, and dellycate 51's, and a Frenchman ain't no better. Wot with their washy Ock and their thin sour Claret, their poor pallets is quite destroyed afore they cums over here to push us off our stools, as *Macbeth* says in the play. And then how they fidgets and shuffles about behind the gentlemen's cheers, witch is a noosance as no reel gentleman can stand while he's a setting at his dinner.

Besides, tho' in course I ain't no judge of their forren tungs, I do see the differculty they has to understand wots sed to them in Inglish and the ewen grater difficulty as they has in replying in Inglish, so as to be understood, speshally by the fare sects. So I for one ain't got no sort of fear of being cut out by a meer Forrener, ewen if he coud speak a duzzen of tungs. There's a sort of respectful dignerty, and, wot the French calls, a *jenny say quor*, about a reel English Hed Waiter, much the same as there is about a bottle of grand crusty old Port, as was never equalled yet by any figetty forren waiter, weather he came from Franse or Jermany. ROBERT.

THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

She. "AND YOU ARE REALLY BETTER, PROFESSOR, SINCE YOU CAME TO LIVE IN HAMPSTEAD?" *He.* "OH, YES, A *DIFFERENT MAN* ALTOGETHER!" *She.* "HOW PLEASED ALL YOUR FRIENDS WILL BE!"

PREGLACIAL MAN.

(*Reflections by a Confused British Associate.*)

DID he, I wonder, in those remote ages,
Over two thousand long centuries gone,
Hear the sweet voices of Brummagem sages
Raised to expostulate, argue, and warn?
Did he, attending some Association,
British or other, with listening ear
Follow the maze of each tangled oration,—
Follow, yet manage to keep his head clear?
Did he take in every fact Biological,
Social, mechanical, brought to his view?
Did the researches styled Anthropological
All the tired springs of his spirit renew?
Did he go raving from Section to Section,
Feeling unequal each problem to sift;—
Or, hoping to find there some time for reflection,
Possibly seek his original drift!
Or, science unknown, did he wander, light-hearted,
Happy his flint-bound horizon to scan?
If so, then some joys of this world have departed,
There is not a doubt, with *Preglacial Man!*

"BULLY FOR YOU!"—Some one having written to Lord SALISBURY, complaining that "English" does not convey the meaning of the rule of the United Kingdom, the PREMIER has replied that he knows of no adjective that can more accurately describe the desired idea. Why not use "John Bullish? or, shortly, "Bullish?" This would be equally appropriate to Ireland and England, the former especially being suggestive of any number of bulls.

On a Late Naval Engagement.

THE Treasury Benches to silence or crush
The Radicals yet may succeed;
But if their old seats they would take with a rush,
They must not depend on a REED.

NEW SAYING BY THE SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR (*addreseed to certain Big Guns connected with his Department*).—"HOPE did *not* tell a flattering tale!"

LATEST OPERATION ON THE RUSSIAN BOURSE.—Bearing Bulgarians for the Fall.

HOW TO ENJOY A HOME-MADE TRIP ABROAD.

Preliminary.—The House still sitting, and, consequently, a very large number of persons who usually leave London for abroad at this time of the year being detained in Town, it is proposed to show how the customary Continental Excursion may be attained practically without quitting the Metropolis. The home-made tripper should assist the operation by exercising to the utmost his powers of "make-believe." Imagination can do wonders, and in this matter it is expected to effect a great deal.

From London to Folkestone.—The start should, of course, be made at night. Leave Charing Cross by the South Eastern, and get to Cannon Street, change there, and return to the Battersea Park Station. Allowing for the usual delays, this will consume about the same time as that generally expended in travelling from London to Folkestone.

Crossing the Channel.—Take the Thames steamboat, and go into the stuffy little cabin. Fall asleep, and remain concealed until the boat has to be laid up for the night. You will probably be turned out somewhere near Charing Cross, when you can remain in the waiting-room until the workmen's train on the Underground.

Arrival in Paris.—Go round the Inner Circle half-a-dozen times, which will have the effect of the journey from Boulogne to the Capital. Ultimately, alight at Charing Cross, and drive to some third-rate French hotel in the neighbourhood of Leicester Square, where the waiters speak English imperfectly. As you proceed on your travels, change your hotel as occasion may require to suit the nationality of the country you suppose yourself to be visiting. The neighbourhood is rich in hostelries—Swiss, German, and Italian; so you will have no difficulty in finding the required resting-place.

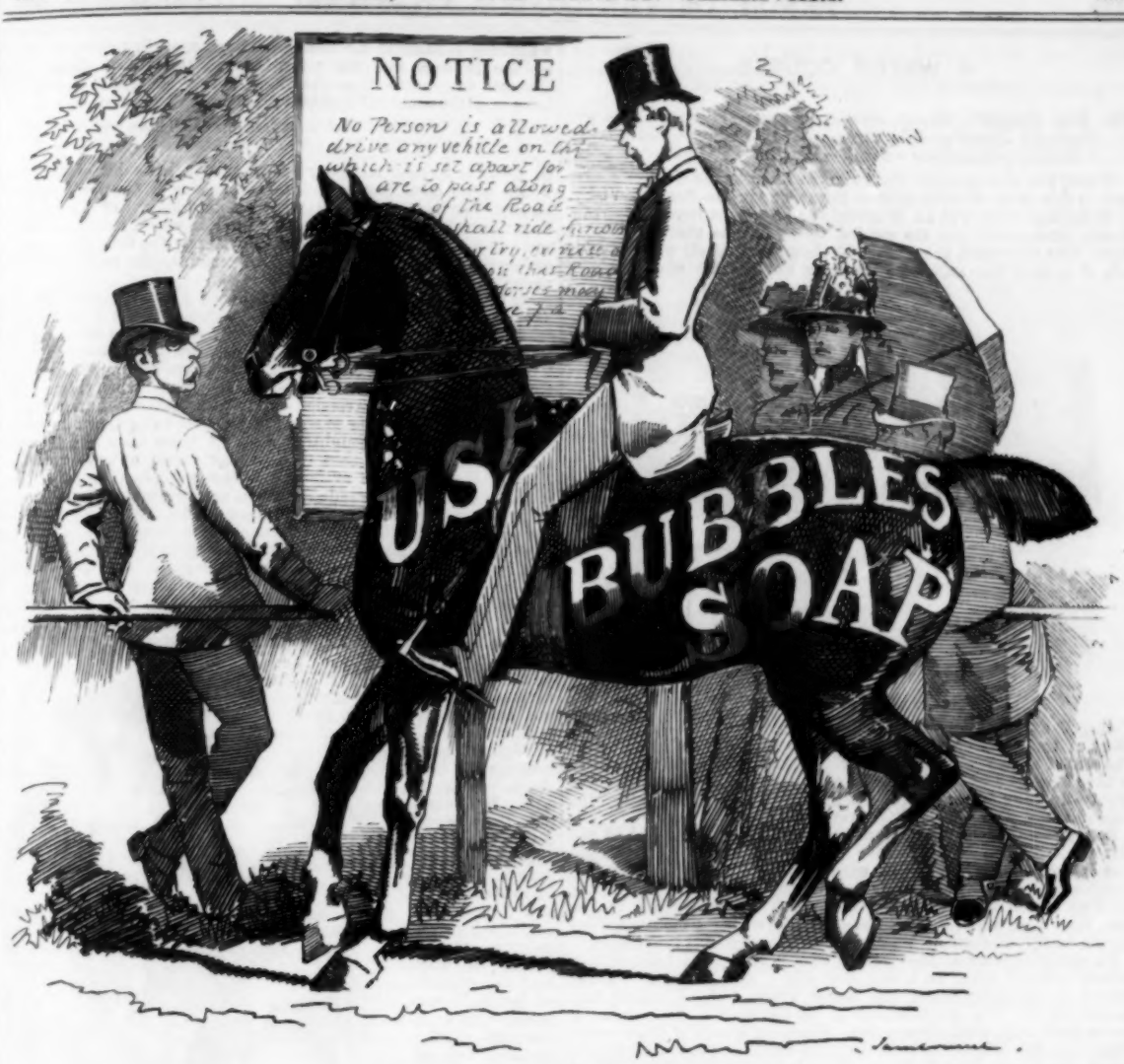
Food in Paris.—Breakfast (tea and bread-and-butter) in your room. Second *déjeuner* (*à la fourchette*) at the Café Royal or GATTI'S. Dinner at PRIVATELLI'S. Your meals are the most important matters of your existence abroad, and by selecting the establishments suggested, you will obtain a sufficiently Continental flavour. If you are not accustomed to the Holborn, the First Avenue, or the Grand, you will get excellent foreign fare therein; but should you be an *habitué* of those magnificent institutions, of course the illusion will be destroyed.

Life in Paris.—Do the place thoroughly, and freshen up your recollection of, say, a quarter of a century ago. Of course you should see Notre Dame (Westminster Abbey), the Madelaine (the Brompton Oratory), and the Tombeau (St. Paul's). Then the Louvre, and the Luxembourg (British Museum and National Gallery), should be inspected, and, if you have time, you might run down to Versailles (Hampton Court). In the evening by all means attend the Café Chantant at (the Albert Palace) Champs Elysées, after a drive through (the Battersea Park) Bois de Boulogne. If you want to buy anything for your womankind, you can visit the Grand Magasin de Army and Navy Stores in Victoria Street, and the Brixton Bon Marché on the other side of the river.

Switzerland.—Spend your time on the Serpentine, and the ornamental water in St. James's Park. This will not give you a bad idea of the lakes, and if you want a little dangerous alpine climbing, try to get up Primrose Hill in the dark, when the surrounding roads are "up."

Venice.—Get a punt and float about the Regent's Park Canal. If you can contrive to carry a wasp's nest in the boat, you will get stings enough to forcibly suggest the assaults of the mosquito. The peculiar odour of Venice will be found in abundance on the water, especially in the neighbourhood of the Zoological Gardens.

Rome.—You can see most of the treasures of the Vatican by visiting the South Kensington Museum, which by the way may be used for reproducing the Art collections at Florence, Dresden and Munich. St. Paul's must again be requisitioned, but this time to appear for St. Peter's. Care, however, must be taken that only the exterior of the Cathedral is seen, or the illusion will be completely destroyed. The Catacombs may be fairly idealised during a visit to the subway at South Kensington, and the dark arches of the Adelphi. Modern improvements may be realised by a visit to the London Pavilion (not unlike the King's Palace at the Quirinal) and the Griffin—capital specimen of modern Italian workmanship.



NOVELTY IN ADVERTISING.

"HALLO, OLD CHAP, WHAT THE DOOSE DOES THIS MEAN?"

"WELL, YOU SEE, MY BOY, I'M AWFULLY HARD UP, AND AS I CAN'T GIVE UP MY HORSE, I THOUGHT I'D TURN HIM TO ACCOUNT. BUBBLES AND CO. PAY ANY AMOUNT FOR AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND ARTISTIC ADVERTISEMENT OF THIS SORT. GOOD BUSINESS, EH?"

Conclusion.—The above hints may serve as a rough guide to those who have the necessary knowledge to fill in the outline from the bare sketch. Should the various excursions cost only a trifle, it will be best to draw out of your bank the balance of the usual sum you expend on your Autumn holiday in five-pound notes. Having done this, burn the precious documents. This may require some power of will, and considerable self-sacrifice, but unless you follow the course recommended, you will never get the full effect of a trip abroad. To be perfectly realistic you should be in a position to say "that you have spent a jolly lot of money, and have precious little to show for it!"

At Church.

THE rush of her robe as she sweeps through the aisle
Wakes piety's frown, makes the cynical smile.
For keen through the organ's melodious swell
Comes ever "the sound of the church-going *Belle*."

QUERY.—Ought not a man who cannot easily spend £10,000 a year to be described as an Income-poop?

A PENN'ORTH OF CONFEDERATION.

[In a letter to the *Times*, Mr. HENNIKER HEATON advocates the establishment of a Penny rate for letters to the Colonies and India.]

'TIS a dream of the Future,
An excellent plan,
This Post Office suture,
That knits the whole clan!
There aren't very many
Reforms we can boast,
So good as a Penny
Imperial Post!

As small will the price be
A letter to send,
To Libya, or Chrysé,
As now to Mile End;
Such news will seem glorious
In far Trinidad;
Will make Geelong uproarious,
And Mandalay mad.

The distant Bahamas,
And hot Singapore,
Have ne'er known such balm as
This tariff will pour;
When *real* bonds unite us,
'Twill please us to think
We first had, to light us,
A Post Office "link."

Here's to him who invented
This noble idea!
May it ne'er be prevented
By huckstering fear!
So let us remove all
Our doubts of the toast,
And stamp, with approval,
The Imperial Post!

A WATER COURSE.

VI.

The Bad Patient's Diary—Jane's Progress—Oysters—Theory—Fact—At Doctor's—The Strange Case—Halves—Consultation—Novelty—Sensations—Result—Puzzled.

WHEN you once get into the swim, so to speak, in a water course such as this, then, whether it be at Royat, or Aix-les-Bains, or Vichy, or Homburg, or even at La Bourboule and Le Mont Doré, the stream is very strong, and you are carried on rapidly to the end of your stay. The first week is exciting, if the place is itself a novelty; if not, it is only less exciting; we walk up into the pine woods,—

"Whene'er we take our walks abroad."

"when," as Dr. PUTTENEY says, "we pine for air"—(this is the effect of the place on him), and we take the week to settle down. The second week is generally dull, yet at the end of it the time seems to have flown. Third week begins slowly; but as the climax of the twenty-first day approaches, when the course will be over, then the time and money go with startling rapidity.

By my Diary of Pains and Penalties I find I am at the end of the first week. What is the result? Well? No, decidedly not well; that is, according to my Diary, which records a variety of alarming symptoms—sleepless nights, sleepy days, troubles in toes—where the shooting season has commenced before the Twelfth—pains in the nose, limp legs, wrestlings with sciatica, and what the meteorological reports term "Disturbances" generally, resulting in "Depression."

An annoying circumstance is, that Cousin JANE, who has not been strictly ordered here, as I was, but only "recommended" to the waters, is becoming better and better every day. I cannot help remarking it. The improvement in her health is so marked that it forces itself on general observation. She takes a bath of César water every day, into which she goes like cold lamb, and out of which she comes like boiled lobster, and is all the better for it. She is able to walk about briskly; she doesn't hesitate as to taking a *liqueur* with

Peu de Cheveux aux Petits Chevaux.

her cup of coffee after dinner; she insists on venturing at least four francs on the *petits chevaux*, and in her manner there suddenly appears something of the effervescent and sparkling character which is, she informs me, the peculiarity of the Source César. The Romans discovered these baths, and this particular spring may have been the source of CÆSAR's greatness. The question—

> "Upon what meat does this our CÆSAR feed,
> That he is grown so great?"

is, as it is termed in theatrical slang, "a little bit of fat" that would never have been put into the mouth of *Cassius*, "lean and hungry" as he was, had SHAKSPEARE only known of the waters at Royat, which CÆSAR used to drink, and in which he used to bathe; and out of which, after a few dozen oysters,—for they find heaps of oyster-shells here among the Roman remains,—he used to come out re-invigorated.

By the way, although I am considering Cousin JANE's case, and have so got back to CÆSAR, to whom historically she owes her rapid improvement in health, I cannot help diverging on the subject of Oysters, to note down, for some future work of my own on Christianity in Britain, the theory, which is strongly supported by facts, that Britons, who never would be slaves (except when they couldn't help it), owed their conversion entirely to Oysters. I am not going to discuss this further or to commence the first chapter of my history now, but before the thoughtful reader I place facts and theory:—1st. It is undeniable that the Romans loved oysters: 2nd. That directly they heard of oyster-beds they went to them: 3rd. They found the beds ready-made for them, and originated the old riddle (which occurs in the works of JOSEPHUS MILLERIUS) about taking the oysters out of their beds and tucking in themselves: 4thly. The Romans became Christians without ceasing to be oyster-eaters,—in fact it is probable that they practised oysterities,—and consequently the British oyster-openers, and oyster-bed-makers, were the first to encounter the Christianised Romans, who lost no time in converting the natives, and thus the British became Christians by the dozen.

From the oysters, *à nos moutons;* second course. To resume.

Naturally JANE's progress is annoying to me, but politely and cousinly, I am delighted. I compliment her, she is looking so well. But I cannot compliment myself. Do *I* look well? JANE says I do. But I don't believe it, and I'm sure I don't. A high colour isn't health: it may be "the picture of health," but health isn't a question of the picture, but of the frame.

Source aux Toe-martyr.

Whatever was the matter with me before coming to Royat, I am quite sure as to there being plenty the matter with me, and to spare, now, after just a week of the treatment.

My Sensational Diary is assuming formidable proportions. If I neglect it for half a day, the next morning I set myself to work to remember all the sufferings of yesterday afternoon. If you do not jot down pains at the moment, as they occur, when you can really feel what you are describing—the secret of all truly graphic writing—you are apt to describe the twinges, the smarts, and the aches coldly, as if you were writing the history of somebody else. You are likely to take a very different view of a pain you suffered several hours ago, from what you will take of the pain which afflicts you at the time of writing, and which itself is the immediate cause of your putting pen to paper. In a retrospect of pain you are inclined to philosophise and probably attempt to trace its cause. In a description of a pain, making its presence felt as you write, you do not stop to pick and choose your words, but your style is short, sharp, jerky, powerfully graphic, and minutely accurate.

I determine not to disturb Dr. HAMMOND PUTTENEY, who, not taking the waters in any form, eating and drinking everything, and smoking all day, is in the enjoyment of most perfect health, and apparently of a thorough holiday, but to go quietly to Dr. REM, show him my Diary, and astonish him.

I call upon him. He is within. I wait: at last I usher myself into his sanctum. Will I be seated? I will. So will he, at his desk, and once more he pulls out his note-book and refers to my particular

case. Before he can ask any questions, I produce, with quite a professional air, my analytical summary of my own state of health. I am very glad I have noted it all down so carefully, because, as this is a peculiarly fine morning and I am feeling uncommonly well, my view of the past few days, had I left my pains to verbal description from memory only, would have been necessarily coloured by my healthy, happy, and perfectly satisfactory state at the present moment, and Dr. Rem might, under a false impression, write down "cured in five days' treatment," or order me to go on as I had begun, a treatment that might be exactly contrary to what I ought to do. As it is there is my plain written statement which I can neither explain away or contradict. *Litera scripta manet*, and this diary is produced by myself as evidence against myself. It is a *précis* of my pains and penalties, and, considering that after all it is the work of an amateur, I really am quite proud of it as a scientific treatise written by myself, Dr. One-Half, as an impartial observer, on myself, Mister Other-Half, or patient, merely taken as a body.

Everyone has read the *Strange Case of Dr. Hyde and Mr. Jekyll*. (By the way it may be *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*, but that's of no consequence, and I haven't the book by me.) Well, here is the story very simply exemplified in Me. I am compounded of two halves: *Dr. Hyde* one half, the scientific medical man; *Mr. Jekyll*, other half, the patient. As *Dr. Hyde* I call on Dr. Rem, to inform him how poor *Mr. Jekyll* has been getting on with his treatment. *Mr. Jekyll* the patient sits in the chair: *Dr. Hyde* is represented by the diary containing the scientific analysis of the "strange case," which Dr. Rem has now under his eyes.

Dr. Rem is reading *Dr. Hyde's*, *i.e.*, my, scientific analysis, most attentively. I, *Mr. Jekyll* the patient, am watching him anxiously. I expect him to raise his eyebrows at certain points, and exhibit surprise. I expect him to purse up his lips, and mutter to himself "Dear me!" or "Bless my soul, is it possible!" I expect him to rise in an agitated manner from his desk, go to his book-case, and bring out big volumes, over which he will pore, from time to time comparing what he is reading with my strange narrative of the past week. I expect him after this to sit down and rest his aching head on his hand thoughtfully, as if this extraordinary case had fairly perplexed him, had upset all his principles, all his practice, and had compelled him to own himself beaten. Should he disappoint me in exhibiting any of the above-mentioned emotions, I certainly look forward to his throwing himself back in his chair, drawing a long breath and regarding me with an air of mixed wonder and admiration, when he comes to that touching, but forcible passage (which I have underlined) about the perfectly unaccountable pain in my left leg.

But he does none of these things: he reads on calmly and quietly, as if my remarkable statement were a conventional letter from a distant relative, or an ordinary leading article in an English newspaper during the recess. Sometimes he nods towards the diary, either as if he were agreeing with it, or going to sleep over it, and occasionally, he smiles slightly; but what he can find to smile at in an analytical account of pains during the past week, I cannot for the life of me make out. Evidently I have been too considerate for his feelings, and in recounting my sufferings I have not been sufficiently harrowing. However, he turns over the second page, and reads on. I watch him closely as he comes to the point about a sudden and excruciating twinge in my left knee, and in my ancle. He doesn't move a muscle of his countenance. I know *I* did when I felt it. Clearly, I couldn't have put it strongly enough. He turns over to the fourth page: again I watch him narrowly. Surely the recital of crackling pains in every joint, and a kind of catherine-wheel in both great toes, ending in a coruscation of fireworks of pain all over my body, ought at least to make him gravely shake his head. But it doesn't. He has reached the end of my piteous narrative, he has read the exhaustive analysis, he sees sitting before him, "the subject of the present memoir," feverishly awaiting his verdict, and after folding up the paper and handing it back to me, he adjusts his spectacles so as to focus me thoroughly, and take me in, as it were, all at once, and then with a smile,—actually with a smile, and of the utmost benevolence too,—he says, "Capital!"

I am so astonished, I can only ejaculate gaspingly, "Eh?" as if I hadn't heard aright.

"Capital!" he repeats, smiling more radiantly and more benevolently than before. Then tapping his hands gently one against the other, as if he were playing "pat-a-cake Baker's man," with an infant, he adds, "Just exactly what I had expected."

I am so utterly knocked over that I can only stare at him vacantly, as if wondering which of us two had temporarily taken leave of his senses. Coming to the conclusion that I am still in possession of mine, I rouse myself for an emphatic protest.

"But," I say with animation, so that he may understand that I am really in earnest, "surely it isn't right for me to have a pain in my knee every night," here I rub my knee, where there is no pain at present, "so that I can hardly sleep."

"Perfectly right," he says with composure.

"And the day before yesterday," here I refer to my notes for corroboration, "I had such a pain all down my left leg, I couldn't move for ten minutes."

"That's just what it ought to be," he replies, nodding complacently.

"But that pain in my elbow," I point to a passage in the diary where it is graphically described, "I never had that before I came here. It was really—most—most—" I am drying up for want of words,—all my epithets are in the diary, and it seems weak to repeat them—"it was most aggravating."

"Oh yes—no doubt," returns Dr. Rem, still nodding at me encouragingly, "but it couldn't be better. Indeed I should have been sorry if you hadn't had it. I should have been afraid the waters weren't doing you any good."

"What?" I exclaim. Then, as if I were trying to bring him to reason, I expostulate calmly with him, and, adopting a conciliatory tone, I attempt to demonstrate to him that at all events a pain right across the forehead can't be a good sign.

"On the contrary," he replies. "Excellent."

"And my sleeplessness?" I ask.

"Perfect," he answers, briskly.

"The pains in my ancles?" I go on.

"First-rate," he says, rubbing his hands gleefully.

"And in my toes?"

"Just where it ought to be," he returns, highly pleased.

"And in my back, and wrists, and—so that I can't walk—and over my knees, and such a cramp at night that I have to jump out of bed and stamp in agony?" I ask, piling up all the symptoms together in my despair.

"It's splendid!" says Dr. Rem, perfectly beaming with rapture at what he immediately explains to me are certain and unmistakable signs that the Waters of Royat are really doing their work on me in the most satisfactory manner possible. "You will continue," says Dr. Rem, dipping his pen in the ink preparatory to entering the *ordonnance* in his own note-book, "you will continue as you have begun, only varying it with an increasing dose." And then he amplifies his former instructions.

While he is writing them out, I am meditating on the unexpected turn events have taken. I shall give up keeping my Diary of Pains and Penalties. If I am to go on suffering them, where's the use of mentioning my sufferings? If, on the contrary, I am entirely free from any pain, then I should have nothing to write down, but the sooner I saw the Doctor the better. As Dr. Rem hands me the prescription I say, dubiously, "Then, in fact, the worse I am, the better I am. Is that so?"

"Quite so. You're going on admirably. Come and see me again in four or five days."

On the threshold I pause for a last question—"But if within the next two days I am absolutely free from any pain, shall I come to see you at once?"

"Yes, certainly. Do so by all means. Good morning. *Au revoir!*" And still nodding and smiling encouragingly, Dr. Rem bows me out, and, having concluded my visit, I find that Cousin Jane is waiting for me to take her in to breakfast.

"You feel quite well, and have no pains?" I say to her.

"No; none. Why?"

"Well——" Then I tell her the result of my interview, and deduce therefrom that she must be in a parlous state to feel so perfectly well, and that the sooner she consults Dr. Rem the better.

But she only laughs, and says she shall "leave Well alone, and continue the Waters."

And the Waters have made her quite sprightly. I've never heard her make anything resembling a joke before, and this is uncommonly like one. But if everyone acted on the principle "let Well alone," who would go to Royat or Aix or anywhere where the Springs of life are? Somehow I am depressed. The Colonel will cheer me up. To breakfast!

Screw v. Screw.

Oh, Labby, arch Labby, you *are* such a feller!
But on this small lay, Sir, what good do you do?
Of the ship of State will you prove a propeller,
By trying to cut down a Chancellor's "screw"?
If sides were but changed, Labby, how you would scoff
At "putting the screw on" by taking it off!

"Time, Gentlemen!"

The newspapers are all talking of "The Late Earthquakes." In this case surely the old saw does not apply. Better never than late would be everyone's opinion concerning these dreadful visitations. Let not those who intend to contribute to the fund for the relief of the sufferers therefrom take shelter under the old saw in question. *Bis dat qui citò dat* is much more to the point. *Verb. sap.*

Song for Prince Alexander.—"*Haste from the Widdin!*"

WHAT OUR ARTIST HAS TO PUT UP WITH.

HE VOLUNTEERS TO SKETCH THE SQUIRE'S HOUNDS FEEDING, AND THESE BEAUTIFUL ANIMALS SUDDENLY DISCOVER THAT HE IS VERY FOND OF DOGS, AND TAKE A VIOLENT FANCY TO HIM!

A WAITING GAME.

Anxious Language from Truthful Harty.

Do I sleep? Do I dream?
Do I wander and doubt?
Are things what they seem?
Or are dodges about?
Are we Liberal-Unionists failures?
And is WILLIAM GLADSTONE played out?

All expressions, though strong,
Fail to tell all our glee,
At the game some called wrong,
(But that's fiddle-de-dee)
Which we worked off on WILLIAM our partner:
Myself and that artful JOE C.

WILL came down to the House,
On the opening day,
He is willing to chouse,
JOE and me—that won't pay.
RANDOLPH says to me, "Truthful, how goes it?"
I answered, "Exceedingly gay!"

But the House has gone wild,
Since I slipped from the same,
And has even beguiled
RANDOLPH C., who's to blame.
And I said to him, "Irish are poison.
What *can* be your new little game?"

He replied, "Truthful HARTY,"
(And this with a wink)
"Don't fear for our Party;
I'm not in a kink.
"Let him show his hand, Truthful. But follow
His lead, HARTY? What do *you* think?

Then I said, "Don't you try——"
But he turned upon me,
And the look in his eye
Was amusing to see.
And he said, "You mistake; this new Leader
Won't cave in to CHARLES STUART P."

Well, the hand will be had,
Though some chums 'twill offend.
And *I* feel slightly sad,
Doubting whether the end
Will quite justify the proceeding,
As I said to cute JOEY, my friend.

Is it guile, or a dream?
Is it RANDOLPH I doubt?
Are things quite what they seem?
Or are dodges about?
Are the Liberal-Unionists failures?
And *is* WILLIAM GLADSTONE played out?

Eastward Ho!

HISTORY *does* repeat itself. JOSEPH (of Birmingham) is reported to be going to Egypt. This time, however, he is going voluntarily, though some of his (political) brethren would doubtless, send him still farther if they could, and even declare his Hegira to be the result of his falling into a pit,—of his own digging. *Bon voyage!*

MEDIO TUTISSIMUS.

WITH regard to the Triple Alliance, Prince BISMARCK declares that his object is to place the policy of Germany on three stools. Which of them does he intend to be sat upon?

HIGH AND LOW.—The Two ALEXANDERS.

SOMETHING AFTER HALL.

IT is said that the rather unsightly building at Hammersmith, Fulham, West Kensington, or East Kew (the address is doubtful when we get beyond the Addison Road), to be shortly known as "the New Agricultural Hall," is nearing completion. If it is intended to rival the "original," at Islington, it is scarcely likely to attain success, as the Public are loth to give up old favourites in favour of new acquaintances. At present the aims of the coming establishment, seem a little vague. The *Morning Post* truly says, "The place has been gradually and almost without notice, rising into existence;" and it may be added that had it not been for certain proceedings interesting to lawyers a few years ago, many of the Public would possibly have been ignorant of its erection. To quote the same authority, "The scope of the new project is extensive; for although nominally an Agricultural Hall, the building will be a centre for almost any, and every display that modern ingenuity in the direction of exhibitions and entertainments can devise,"—thus enabling the Performing Flea, the Baby Show, and the Royal Jubilee World's Fair and Grand International Exhibition, to meet alternately on a common platform. The *Morning Post* adds, "The first purpose to which it will probably be devoted, will be a gigantic hippodrome, but this is more or less undecided." Surely a menagerie would have been more appropriate? Somehow or other the scheme is not altogether unsuggestive of elephants—white ones!

A "SIXPENNY" NOT A "TWOPENNY HALFPENNY" POLITICIAN.—Dr. TANNER.

A WAITING GAME.

H-rt-ngt-n. "HULLO, RANDOLPH! WHAT'S YOUR LITTLE GAME *NOW?*"
R-nd-lph (*Aside—sotto voce*). "ALL RIGHT! WANT HIM TO SHOW HIS HAND!"

A STORY FOR A SUMMER NUMBER.

(*To be filled in to suit the Illustrations.*)

MIRTH AND MYSTERY.
(Prize Design for the Cover of a Summer Number.)

I AM an old man now, and as I sit in my easy chair, my little grandchildren flock around my legs, and with wondering eyes, ask me for a story. (*Chance for Artist. Baronial Hall with armour, with Grandfather and little ones.*) Sometimes my thoughts stray away to the quiet Chapel hard by, in which lie all my ancestors and my darling wife. (*Chance for Artist. Initial Vignette of Abbey by moonlight.*) And then I am very sad, but as a rule I am a hale and hearty veteran, and as merry as the best of them. When I am in my gay mood, I tell the youngsters a right froliesome anecdote. Here is a sample.

Years ago when I was fresh from the University, when I had just left Oxford with its wine parties—(*Chance for Artist. Scene from College life.*)—and its Schools, and had come up to town, I naturally went a great deal into society. At a dance one evening in Eton Square, I met a most charming girl—(*Chance for Artist. Exterior of Mansion with linkman.*)—who, I fear found me rather dull company.

"You tell me," she said, as we stood under some spreading branches and Chinese lanterns—(*Chance for Artist. The Conservatory.*)—"You tell me, that you have not been to Lord's, the Academy, to any of the Theatres, and have read no new books?"

"I am obliged to confess, that you are indeed right," I admitted—we spoke in rather a pedantic way in 1876—"To tell the truth, I have had little time away from my studies. To achieve success it was necessary that I should know no leisure."

"Not even to read the novel that every one is talking of?" asked the fair girl coquettishly, toying with her bouquet in the supper-room, to which apartment we had now proceeded. (*Chance for Artist. The Supper. Pine-apples. Plate and Footmen.*)

"What novel?" I replied.

"Why, *Burnt Mill Meadow*. But perhaps you don't approve of it?" And again the fair girl looked at me with bewitching coquetry.

"I neither approve nor disapprove," I returned, somewhat piqued at her raillery. "I have never read it—nay, more, the title is novel to me."

"You mean the book," she said, smilingly, disengaging herself from me (by this time she had completed a rather hearty supper), and taking the arm of a gentleman of military appearance, she added, "You will excuse me, but I am engaged for the *cotillon*—(*Chance for Artist. The Cotillon.*)—to Captain DASHAWAY."

And with a silvery laugh she was gone.

When I got home to my chambers in St. James's Street I found a letter waiting for me. I opened it, and was reminded that I had allowed my subscription to BROWN AND NEPHEWS' Circulating Library to expire.

"The very thing," I murmured, as I went to bed. "To-morrow I will supply the omission, and obtain *Burnt Mill Meadow* at the railway book-stall."

After my matutinal meal in my rooms on the following morning—(*Chance for Artist. Breakfast in Bachelors' Chambers in St. James's Street. Foils, cards of invitation, and toast-rack.*)—I went down to the Albert Station, and, handing in a cheque, renewed my subscription, and asked for the volume.

"Very sorry, Sir, but it isn't in," replied the clerk. (*Chance for Artist. Albert Station, with Book-stall and Departing Continental Train in the distance.*) "The fact is that, after the first demand, no one wanted it, and we sent it up the line."

"How can I get it?" I asked, rather angrily.

"By transferring your subscription to any of our Stalls in the Provinces."

No sooner said than done. I selected a Station, and then obtained a ticket for the new dépôt. On my way I passed the scene of a recent disaster—(*Chance for Artist. The Accident to the Great Southern Express—a leap for life*)—but arrived safely.

"*Burnt Mill Meadow*," repeated the provincial clerk. "Ah, to be sure, we did have it, but it has been called in. You won't get it, Sir, unless you go to our head-office, and buy it at a reduced price."

Again I travelled along the line, reached London, and passing through the Strand at the busiest time of the day—(*Chance for Artist. The Strand at the busiest time of the day*)—made my way to the palatial premises of X. I. BROWN AND NEPHEWS.

"All gone; all sold!" was the business-like reply to my application for the coveted novel. "You may get it at PUDIE'S."

I went to PUDIE'S, but was unsuccessful, and could not find it at the Green-and-Yallery Gallery—another well-known Circulating Library. However, the custodian dropped a hint.

"If you were going abroad, now," said he, "you might possibly pick it up. It has been appropriated by Vicomte PICNITZ."

Acting upon this suggestion (the London Season was now at an end), I started for Paris. We had a rough crossing—(*Chance for Artist. Between Dover and Calais on the Mail-boat*)—and I was only too glad to find myself safe and sound in the court-yard of the Grand Hôtel. I immediately drove to the Rue de Rivoli—(*Chance for Artist. Street-Life in Paris*)—and entering GALIGNANI'S, asked for *Burnt Mill Meadow*.

"Afraid you can't get one," said the man behind the counter, shaking his head. "I believe it is out of print."

By this time my blood was up. I made up my mind to obtain it at all hazards. I travelled all over Germany, through the Alps—(*Chance for Artist. The Avalanche*)—into Spain, where I joined in the dissipations of the people—(*Chance for the Artist. Scene at the Bull Fight—Death of the Toreador*)—and thence into Italy. But, go where I would, seek where I could, I found no trace of the lost volume. Then, at length, thoroughly dispirited, I returned home, pausing for an hour or two at Boulogne. I walked into SADFROST'S English Library, a favourite haunt in years gone by.

"Pardon me," said an old gentleman, who was reading the newspaper as I entered, "but you are very ill. I am a Doctor, and am alarmed at your condition. Tell me frankly what is the matter?"

I explained that I was disappointed in obtaining a novel, whose search had become a mania.

"I believe that, if I could only find *Burnt Mill Meadow*——"

"*Burnt Mill Meadow!*" echoed the representative of Mr. SADFROST. "Why, we have a copy. It is the very last. It was returned to us by a scrupulous Englishman, who wished it sent back to Vicomte PICNITZ, as he heard that the work had been called in. I don't know whether, under the circumstances, I should give it to you, but——"

"But I do," interrupted the old Doctor, taking the volume out of the attendant's hands and presenting it to me. "That book, Sir, has saved your life!"

There was no time for thanks, or further explanation, as at that moment a signal was made that the boat was about to start. (*Chance for Artist. The Doctor at Boulogne. Eccentric comedy with comely French fisher-girls looking in at the doorway.*) Overjoyed I hurried on board. I am not a good sailor, so could give no attention to the volume until I reached England. Once ashore, I hastened to a secluded spot on the Pier, and greedily opened the book. Before I could read a line of it, it was seized, and wrested from me.

"I must take that, Sir,—it is contraband in England," and ere I had time to protest, the Custom House Officer tossed the volume I so much treasured into the water! I never saw it again!

I went mad! For many years I remembered nothing! At length, thanks to a curative course at the Catford Retreat, I was restored to full mental health. But I was old before my time.

Even now as I write, the sad memory of my great disappointment (so cruel, and oh, so hard to bear!) comes back to me, and I feel that in spite of my grandchildren's merry voices, I shall soon die. Ah! What is this? As I write, the room grows dark, my strength fails, and the pen falls from my feeble faltering fingers. Ah! Rest at last!! (*Chance for Artist. The Old Man's grave.*)

THE EXCURSION SEASON.

First Passenger (poetical). "DOESN'T THE SIGHT O' THE CERULEAN EXPANSE OF OCEAN, BEARING ON ITS BOSOM THE WHITE-WINGED FLEETS OF COMMERCE, FILL YER WITH——"

Second Ditto. "FI——NOT A BIT OF IT." (*Steamer takes a slight lurch!*) "QUITE THE CONTRARY!" [*Makes off abruptly!*

SPY FEVER.

THE following extract from the *Cautious Continental Travellers' Conversation Guide-Book*, may be found useful at the present moment to intending visitors to France:—

The invalid gentleman in the Bath-chair is not a Prussian General of Division, but the husband of my mother-in-law.

I cannot establish the truth of my assertion by the immediate production of his certificate of baptism, marriage-licence, family-tree or other documentary evidence, but I can cause to be brought over from England his family solicitor, who will swear to his identity.

I would rather spend the next few days at the nearest Hôtel, than in the city dungeon.

These manacles and leg-irons are too tight.

Why are my wife, her sister, my two maiden aunts, the husband of my mother-in-law, and the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, all being conducted with drawn swords to the prison-van.

Yes, I will pledge you my word that neither my wife, nor her sister, nor my two maiden aunts, nor the husband of my mother-in-law, nor the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, are related directly to Prince BISMARCK.

This book is not, as you imagine, a compendium of German hieroglyphics for secret signalling, but a last month's BRADSHAW'S *Sixpenny Railway Guide*.

Nor is the old Ulster I am wearing the usual undress overcoat of a Prussian cavalry officer of distinction. The *Juge d'Instruction* is wrong in supposing that the address of *Highbury* on my cards stands for *Heidelberg* in Saxon.

I am glad to hear that my wife, her sister, my two maiden aunts, the husband of my mother-in-law, and the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, are to be let out after only two days' incarceration on bread and water, and merely subjected to police supervision, without permission to quit the place.

Do you think that the intervention of the British Consul would procure my removal to a cell less infested by rats?

I am relieved to think that we are suddenly dismissed as "detained in error," and told to pack out of the place as soon as possible, without any apology.

I think, therefore, that as we have been subjected to some inconvenience, I, and my wife, and her sister, my two maiden aunts, the husband of my mother-in-law, and the Welsh gentleman whom we met by chance at the Railway Station, will communicate the circumstances quietly to the *Times* newspaper.

DEGLUTITION.

Doggerel, by a Dyspeptic.

AH! "To bite or not to bite,
That 's the question." . . "GLADSTONE'S right,"
LUBBOCK says. His *ipse dixit*
Surely, surely ought to fix it.
But against that scientist
Comes one "Physiologist,"
Who, with a conviction strong,
Says the Grand Old Muncher 's wrong.
Mastication mostly needless?
Comfort here for eater heedless.
Every mouthful thirty bites?
That 's a notion that affrights
Many a snatcher of a snack.
Joy to many a party hack
In the notion that Old Collars
Needlessly has taxed his molars!
Rapture to the Tory wit
To find the Grand Old Biter bit!
Still the man of weak incisors
Wishes that his sage advisers
Would a little more agree.
Thirty bites, or ten, or three?
"Bolt your meat, and chew potatoes"—
Is that saw as sage as PLATO'S!
Have digestion and nutrition
Nought to do with deglutition?

"CLUBS! CLUBS!"—It is stated that a new Club—to be called the National Union Club—is to be established in London in connection with the Liberal Unionists, and, presumably, as a rival to the National Liberal Club. Has the ubiquitous Mr. CAINE anything to do with it? It seems so natural that CAINE should try to slay his Home-Rule loving Liberal brother—with a Club!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, September 6.—Exciting scene in House of Lords. Quarter past Four Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS took seat on the Woolsack in absence of LORD CHANCELLOR. Constitution requires presence of three Peers to make a quorum. Only the Lord Viscount Grand Cross, present in body of House. Question: was this a quorum?

"Certainly," said the Duke of BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS. "I'm two and you're another."

The Lord Viscount disposed to argue matter. Controversy interrupted by arrival of STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL.

"Now we're five," said BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS, "and will proceed with the orders of the day."

Business over in five minutes.

"A minute for each of us," said the Duke.

In the Commons two hundred melancholy Members present; spent the sitting in discussing Army Estimates. Whenever division called, 50, more or less, voted in one lobby, and 150, more or less, in the other.

Sage of Queen Anne's Gate made gallant effort to prohibit military bands playing at political demonstrations. Proposed to dock the wages of 1038 drummers provided for in Estimates. Defeated on division by the usual 150 against 50, but got promise from War Minister to look into matter. Meanwhile, Colonel WARING proposes to make arrangements for recognition of the Sage's work. The 1038 drummers to assemble at Queen Anne's Gate and serenade the Sage.

Dr. TANNER distinguished himself throughout Sitting, jumping up on every Vote. "Always coming back like a bad tanner," as CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN said. JOSEPH GILLIS regards Member for Mid-Cork with kind of pathetic interest. "They're gettin' too much for me, TOBY," he said to-night, with a sob in his voice. "I can't keep pace with 'em. I'm gettin' on in years, and, what's worse, am feeling benumbed with a sense of respectability. Like STAFFORD NORTHCOTE I feel there's no go about me, and shouldn't wonder if, in a year or two, I, like him, retire to the House of Lords." The dear old JOEY B.! He certainly *is* getting uncommonly respectable as compared with the young bloods; wears gloves constantly now; suspends his *pince-nez* by the black ribbon affected by benevolent old gentlemen. "He's qualifying for the Peerage," the Boys say, as they gaze at him affectionately.

Business done.—Army Estimates.

Tuesday.—Another exciting seven minutes in the Lords. Still difficulty about forming quorum. Efforts made to secure STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL. With BUCKINGHAM AND CHANDOS on the Woolsack, that would make a quorum, and one over. But S. & C. won't come. "You won't have me when I want to speak," he says, "and when you want me you must just wait." Neither is RICHMOND AND GORDON to be had. Doesn't think so much of the Markiss as he once did. MILLTOWN waylaid, and brought in.

"Nine times before it burst!"

"Well, as we are here," says he, "may as well amuse ourselves. Supposing we play at riddles? Post-Office people order that an envelope opened at the side be charged at a higher rate than the same matter inclosed in an envelope open at the ends. Very well. Supposing that I send out a square envelope, which are the sides, and which the ends?"

BUCKINGHAM gave it up at once. ("Off with his head!" said MILLTOWN.) CHANDOS asked for notice. MILLTOWN accordingly gave notice to put the question on Thursday.

Riddles also in Commons. Best put by Admiral COMMERELL. Subject under discussion Navy Estimates, with special reference to the guns. WOODALL, in ingenious speech, rather made out that it is an advantage, especially in hot weather, to have guns accustomed to blow off their breeches. He knew a gun to have been fired nine times before it burst! (*Signs of incredulity.*) He begged to propose the health of the fragments. (*General assent.*)

It was after this Admiral COMMERELL came aboard with his conundrum.

"Sir," he said, "what I want to know is, how is it that there's more danger in the rear of our guns than in front of them?"

Committee considered this for five hours. At quarter past Two in the morning gave it up, and adjourned.

Business done.—Navy Estimates.

Thursday.—In Lords to-night MILLTOWN's conundrum fired off. The Markiss feebly took refuge in assertion that Postal Authorities didn't understand the question. Speaking for himself, admitted that it would be very difficult with square envelope to say which was the top and which the side. MILLTOWN naturally elated at thus flooring the House. Going to think of another conundrum for next week.

In the Commons, the Sage of Queen Anne's Gate "went for" RANDOLPH. Amongst other things, blandly proposed to reduce his salary by £3,000. Argued the matter out in quietest manner, showing his proposition based upon sound logic and considerations of public welfare. RANDOLPH's naturally equable temper slightly

Behind the Speaker's Chair.

ruffled. Just been behind the Chair in interview with HARTINGTON and CHAMBERLAIN. Sir CHARLES FORSTER tells me they don't quite agree in view of arrangements made for introduction of PARNELL's Bill. RANDOLPH been explaining matters. Doubtful whether he has satisfied both.

After such ordeal, a little trying to come back and listen to proposition to reduce your salary by more than one-half. Boiling over with rage, but severely silent. Committee on division votes full salary.

House, generally, in a cranky state, Members constantly wandering off upon irrelevant excursions, sternly brought back by the SPEAKER.

JOSEPH GILLIS, breaking long silence, begins a discussion on cost of evictions.

"Out of order," says the SPEAKER.

JOEY B. meekly sits down. Ah me! How times change.

"How's this, JOSEPH?" I said, coming later upon the old man. "Expected you'd have had it out with the SPEAKER, and shown him he was wrong."

"Not now, TOBY; not now," he said, with something like a sigh. "It's vulgar. You wouldn't have me demane myself to the level of TANNER or MAT HARRIS?"

Business done.—Not very much.

"Can't help smiling."

Friday.—Supply again. Got through the business much as a man crosses a room strewn with lucifer matches. Every now and then a flash of flame and a crackle. Few more paces taken quietly, and again the flash and the explosion. GEORGE CAMPBELL trod on a match when he threatened to divide Committee because RANDOLPH had not given him conciliatory reply. RANDOLPH, who had through the sitting kept his temper with rare success, flared up at this. Offered to fight CAMPBELL on the spot. Was taking off his coat as preliminary to operations, when HICKS-BEACH gently, but firmly, buttoned it across his chest.

Chiefest explosion around salary of JESSE COLLINGS during brief tenure of office. JOHN DILLON roundly accused JESSE of having invoked the aid of JOSEPH to obtain £1,500 a year, when the salary had been fixed at £1,200. JOSEPH and JESSE both absent—gone forth arm-in-arm in search of holiday pleasures. No one to say a word for them, and, in the end, vote reduced by £300. "Can't help smiling," said JACOBY. After this, a great calm of satisfaction fell over Committee, and money voted with increased rapidity.

Business done.—Votes in Supply.

HINTS TO NEW MEMBERS.

MANY new Members of the House of Commons having written to *Mr. Punch* for his advice as to the best means of "getting on" in Parliament, he has prepared for their guidance a few simple and infallible rules:—

1. As soon as you have taken your seat, write a note to the SPEAKER, and tell him to call upon you at a certain hour—say half-past six. He will not venture to disregard this notice. Speak at as great a length as you can, beginning a sentence occasionally with, "And now a few words in conclusion." This keeps alive the pleasures of hope in the breasts of your audience.

2. Half the battle consists in founding your method of speaking upon a good model. Dr. TANNER, for instance, has a very attractive manner, or if you prefer the fine old Roman style, take Mr. CONYBEARE. A persuasive and brilliant delivery may be acquired from imitation of Dr. CLARKE, or Sir GEORGE CAMPBELL. As regards management of the voice, you cannot do better than study the system adopted by Sir. N. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH.

3. When you have spoken, sit down upon your hat. This is a very favourite performance, and when well executed—as it was lately by Mr. R. G. WEBSTER—never fails to bring down the House. Take a new hat with you for this particular occasion.

4. Cultivate a good loud cough or sneeze, and practise it whenever an interesting speech is being made. It prevents you being overlooked. In the midst of an effective peroration from the G. O. M. or Lord RANDOLPH, a tremendous sneeze—or even a loud trumpeting from the nose—has a very happy effect. Better to be known for your sneeze than to be lost in the general crowd.

5. Go and have a chat with the SPEAKER occasionally. Recollect that he must be lonely, perched up in that chair all night, and naturally he longs for an opportunity of comparing notes with new Members on the personal appearance and style of the chief leaders and debaters. Climb up on his chair, and sing out in his ear, "Mr. PEEL!" You will receive immediate attention.

6. Rise whenever you think proper, and call an old Member to order. You may be quite in the wrong, but never mind—it gives you importance, and draws upon you the favourable notice of the SPEAKER, who is always very glad to be reminded of his duty—especially by new Members.

7. When you dine in the House, take a seat at the table set apart for Ministers. This is generally recognised as an assertion of your claim to official position, and you are pretty sure to get some post or other when the next vacancy arises.

8. If you consider yourself good-looking, walk up and down the House frequently, and make yourself as conspicuous as possible. This pleases the ladies in the Gallery. After a division, just as the tellers are bowing to the SPEAKER, go and stand close to the table as if you were about to receive their report. Everybody must then see you, and your blue eyes, raven hair, or what not must be sufficiently admired. You cannot hope to cut out Sir RICHARD TEMPLE, but you need not let him have it all his own way.

9. When selecting your seat, choose one just behind your party leaders, and lean over to them now and then, and give them your ideas as to their policy, management, and so forth. Tell them what you think of their speeches, and keep up a running fire of commentary on the debate. Speak your mind plainly, especially if you think your leaders are wrong—they like it.

10. If you are a Conservative, go up to Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL whenever you find yourself in the lobby with him, and ask him what he intends to do about Ireland, why he made MATTHEWS Home Secretary, and what is the reason he has not yet desired you to speak. Inquire how it is that you never see him in the smoking-room now with LABOUCHERE, and whether he has had a row with CHAMBERLAIN. Nothing pleases him so much as little attentions of this kind.

11. If you find that any Member of longer standing than yourself has occupied a particular seat to which his right is generally respected, go and take it at once. Sentimental nonsense about courtesy will not go down in these Democratic days. Let the old Member understand that you are the Coming Man, and that your portrait has been in the *Penny Gusher*, or the *Evangelical Foghorn*. He will soon see the propriety of giving way to you.

12. If you notice Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT sitting alone at any time, take your place by his side, and enter into conversation. You will find him easy of access, and diffident and affable in manner. If you ask him a few pertinent questions—such as the date of his speech on Conservatives stewing in Parnellite juice, how it was he became converted to Home Rule, why he was called Sir LUCIUS O'TRIGGER the other day, and so forth—you will receive from him a reception which will long linger in your memory.

By following these directions, the ambitious new Member cannot fail to "get on," though whether it will be in the desired direction or not, can only be ascertained after due trial and experience.

CANNY.

"WHY I DINNA PRAYFAIR TAE SMOKE, HECH! WEEL, NOO, LODDIE, I'LL JOOST TELL YE. WHILES YE'RE SMOKING, YE BLAW AN' BLAW, AN' *WHAUR IS'T?* BUT GIN YE TAK A GUID PENCE, LOSH! MON, YE KEN *BY'S THEER!*"

SQUARING THE "CIRCLE."—A Correspondent claims to have almost solved this problem. He can, he says, procure "Orders" for the Upper Boxes at nearly every theatre in London.

AN IRISH REMEDY.—Having examined the draft of Mr. PARNELL's Land Bill, one of his party expressed a fear that Landlords would find that draught a bitter pill.

AN ORANGE OUTRAGE.—Covent Garden Market.

☞ TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions, whether MS., Printed Matter, or Drawings, be returned, unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope or Cover. Copies of MS. should be kept by the Senders.

CONTEMPLATION IS THE ONLY LASTING PLEASURE.

THE DAWN OF ANOTHER DAY.

"Out of eternity this new day is born,
Into eternity at night doth return,
Behold it aforetime, no eyes ever did,
So soon it for ever from all eyes is hid.
Here hath been dawning another blue day,
Think, wilt thou let it slip useless away?"—Tennyson.

TO THE WISE.
"Nor love thy life, nor hate;
But what thou livest Live well."—Milton.

TO THE FOOLISH.
A man without wisdom lives in a fool's paradise.

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE SUICIDES—POLITICS, &c. Many who hold their lives so cheaps to commit the terrible crime of suicide. Instead, however, of recklessly attaining that end by poison, the rope, pistol, or knife, &c., we recommend the following modes—as being more natural, and quite as effectual:—Wear thin shoes on damp nights, and keep every apartment air-tight. Keep the mind in a round of unnatural excitement, by politics (to enable you to produce election fever), trashy novels, and gambling speculations, either on cards, races, or stock. Go to operas, minstrel soirees, theatres in all sorts of weather, and, when steaming hot with perspiration, rush into the cold air with your coat or shawl hanging over your arm. In balls, dance till exhausted, and then go home in your pumps through the damp streets and air. Sleep on feather beds in the smallest and closest room in the house. Eat immoderately of hot and stimulating diet. Never drink anything weaker than strong tea, nor anything stronger than neat whiskey or brandy. Teach your children early to drink strong coffee, chew or smoke tobacco. Marry in a hurry, and growl and repent for the rest of your life. Never masticate food, but bolt it like a serpent. Follow any exciting or unhealthy business, if money can be made at it, so that your friends may console themselves for your early death. Never go to bed before midnight, and then with a full stomach. Eat little nicetties, such as pastries, unripe fruit, lunch, wine, &c., between meals. Be always in a passion, either of anger or love.

When Ailing, pay no attention to the regulation of your diet, exercise, or occupation. Always avoid ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Attempt no conformity to the laws of life, but gormandise to your utermost bent, and you will be surprised to learn of the body what—

"A frail and fickle tenement it is,
Which, like the brittle glass that measures time,
Is often broke, ere half its sands are run."

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

Don't be without a Bottle of

ENO'S FRUIT SALT.

BILE-LADEN BLOOD.—Healthy Bile.—When the liver is not making healthy bile, or insufficient quantity, the blood becomes impure—the groundwork of disease—and produces constipation, dyspepsia, biliousness, headache, &c. ENO'S FRUIT SALT is the best remedy.

BUSINESS AND PLEASURE.—"Having come out here on business and pleasure several days ago, and having had a very severe and protracted passage from England, whereby the whole of us were prostrated by sea-sickness in its most severe form, and after being here a few days we set out to visit the Hot Springs, and on our return hence the reaction of the sea-sickness, combined with the change of living, began to tell upon us. We were troubled with flatulency, biliousness, nausea, and giddiness which rendered us rather miserable, and one of our party being provided with pills, we took several, but without any result. Strolling through the small town, one of us happened accidentally to see a bottle of ENO'S FRUIT SALT in the window of a store, and we immediately went and purchased it. We can assure you that this seemed an unexpected blessing, for we knew its good qualities well enough to know that we had a medicine which at least we could rely upon for setting us up again. We have had two doses before breakfast yesterday and to-day, and the effect is really wonderful. All traces of headache, biliousness, &c., have passed away, and we are in first-class spirits, and able to appreciate and see with pleasure the wonderful vagaries of nature in this district. We can unhesitatingly recommend your preparation to all who may be similarly afflicted, and trust that it may meet with a still wider sale, as its good and excellent qualities fully entitle it.

"Mr. Eno, London." "Truth, Reykjavik, Iceland, Oct. 9th.

ENO'S FRUIT SALT *versus* **BRANDY.**—"There were a few attacks of mild dysentery, brought mainly on by ill-considered devotion to brandy, or biliousness produced by the same cause. For the latter we used to swear by ENO'S FRUIT SALT, which is simply invaluable." See *Coral Lands*, Vol. I.

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Examine each bottle, and see that the capsule is marked ENO'S FRUIT SALT. Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

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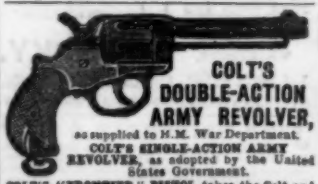

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Printed by William Stuart Smith, of No. 35, Lorne Road, Holloway, in the Parish of St. Mary, Islington, in the County of Middlesex, at the Printing Offices of Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, & Co., Lombard Street, in the Precinct of Whitefriars, in the City of London, and published by him at No. 85, Fleet Street, in the Parish of St. Bride, City of London.—SATURDAY, September 18, 1886.